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MISCELLANEOUS.

City of New Orleans.

REV. GEO. FURCHARD, of Plymouth, N.H., now on a journey South, for his health, in a letter to the *Congregational Journal*, gives the following interesting description of New Orleans:

"The City lies in a crescent formed bend, along the eastern shore of the Mississippi, on a plain, or marsh, several feet below the high water mark of the river. It is preserved from inundation and destruction only by an embankment of earth several feet high, called the *levee*, which extends for several hundred miles up and down the river. Along this levee, before the city, in an unbroken line, are moored, from three to five abreast, the vessels which crowd this great commercial emporium. Here may be seen ships from every clime, pouring in the productions of the world into the lap of this queen of export cities. Here, too, may be seen, coming and going, hundreds of steamboats, of all sizes and descriptions. These traverse every part of the valley of the Mississippi, for more than 4000 miles, crowded with passengers and loaded with the produce of the richest and most extensive agricultural region of the known world. To get some conception of the productiveness of the region which these boats traverse, and of the quantity of merchandise they bring to this city, look for a moment, at a few figures which happen to lie before me. Within six months last past, beginning September 1st 1843, and ending March 1st 1844, there have come from the interior, into New Orleans, in round numbers, 35,000 barrels of apples; 14,000 hogheads, boxes and casks of bacon, and 265,000 pounds in bulk; about 5,900 barrels of beans; 9,000 kegs and firkins of butter; 35,000 hogheads and barrels of salted beef; besides nearly 12,000 lbs of dried; 2,000 barrels of corn meal, 107,000 barrels in the ear, and 175,000 sacks of shelled corn; 256,000 hogheads and barrels of pork, besides more than 3-1 millions in bulk; 105 hogheads; 73,000 barrels and 252,000 kegs of lard; 265,000 barrels of flour; 65,000 barrels and sacks of oats; 30,000 hogheads of sugar; 41,000 barrels of molasses. But, I must stop. I have given you only a tithe of the commodities which are continually pouring into this great depot of the South-west. I have mentioned only some of the chief articles of food, which are brought to this market, omitting the measureless quantities of other articles for the comfort and convenience of man, and omitting even that great staple of the country—cotton, half a million of bales which have been rolled out on the levee, within the same six months. But what a view do these figures give of the country about which I am writing, and of the commercial importance of the city, which is the port of this country! Nothing about New Orleans has so much interested and astonished me as this same levee. It is on this that all the productions of the vast valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries are poured out. Here may be seen, at one time, ten thousand bales of cotton—perhaps I might say with equal truth *ten thousands* of bales; here you may pass acres of hogheads and barrels of sugar and molasses, in a continuous mass; here is pork and beef and salted meat, in such quantities as to excite wonder; here, too, is enough of the 'wild weed,' if properly masticated to float a frigate, here is cotton baling and haling rope enough to wrap around a string for the solid contents of a New England State; here, too, are the products of other lands, in astounding profusion. Here may be seen 'heaps upon heaps'—everything which man can eat, drink, wear and use. And what most astonishes the beholder, is that through scores of truckmen and draymen are incessantly employed, and I grieve to say, even on the Sabbath—in removing those productions to the stores and warehouses of the city, yet the levee is never, for an hour empty; for new freights are continually filling up the vacancies, which those busy carriers are continually making on the groaning levee. And when I tell you, that there were on the second day of March, lying at the levee, more than 197 ships, 2000 barges, 22 bridges, and 39 schooners, besides scores of steamboats and flat boats, and that there were daily and hourly new arrivals,—you will be more ready to believe my assertions respecting the immensity of the importations into the single city of Orleans, and the exportations from it. But I must not detain you on the levee any longer, for though a place of immense commercial interest and importance, it is a place where all our moral feelings are constantly shocked by the profusion of drinking and gambling which here abound. The street which runs along the levee, is faced with grog shops and gambling-houses, and the ways of death; and these pollute the whole atmosphere around them.

Passing back from the levee, you enter the city. This is laid out with great regularity, in streets of good width, and for the most part as well paved as the nature of the soil will admit, running parallel to the levee, and with the river. The side-walks are brick-paved, and remarkably good. The city is also well lighted, partly with gas, and partly by means of large oil lamps, which are suspended across the streets from opposite posts. But, the gutters! O, the gutters! Every street is supplied with these, on each side of the way, which are fed by countless sewers, which run across the side-walks, are filled with all sorts of filth and offal. The dead ends of the city render it very difficult to drain off these reservoirs of filth; and in many of the gutters you will find several inches of stagnant water, covered with a thick green scum, sending forth an intolerable stench which speaks loudly of disease and death. This stench mingled with tobacco smoke—for the streets are thronged with smokers—seems sometimes to constitute the essential elements of the atmosphere of the city.

The general impression made on the stranger by the buildings of this city is rather unfavorable. In walking through the streets with a vast number of small, mean-looking, one story, wooden buildings; and these, even in the most populous neighborhoods, particularly in the older and lower portions of the city; where the French and Spanish population chiefly congregate. In the upper or American part of the city you will find more substantial and lofty houses. But as for such places as adorn the principal streets of some of our Northern cities, you look in vain in New Orleans. I remember seeing but a single stone building in the city; and but few even with stone fronts. The spongy nature of the soil, and the expensiveness of building stone, prevent the frequent use of this sub-

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stantial material. All the stones that are here used for building, and all the best bricks, are imported. I noticed a few stores which were faced with our beautiful New England granite, and but a few.

The public buildings are generally of but little interest to the Northern eye. St. Charles and St. Louis Hotels are vast edifices, capable of accommodating 500 or 600 persons each; but their beautiful proportions and extensive structures fail to impress a stranger, by reason of the unsubstantial and decaying nature of the material of which they are built,—brick plastered with mortar. This stucco, which is very common about the city, looks very neatly and prettily when first put on; but soon becomes dingy, and cracks and falls off in patches, greatly marring the beauty of the buildings. The cathedral, of which much is said, and whose style of architecture would otherwise render it very attractive, has rather the appearance of a half ruined structure, with its dirty face, broken windows and battered corners,—than of the principal church edifice in the city. The truth is, that every thing in this climate tends to decay; and this tendency superadded to the nature of the soil and the scarcity of substantial building material, forbids the hope that New Orleans will ever be distinguished for the beauty of its public or private buildings.

Among the most interesting objects in New Orleans are the provision and vegetable markets, of which there are several. These are held under and around large, open, shed-like buildings; and early in the morning are scenes of the greatest animation. Almost the whole population live by the day—from hand to mouth. Such a thing as a private cellar to a house is scarcely known in the city. The want of conveniences for keeping articles of food, and the nature of the climate, together with the abundant supplies in market, induce every body to buy by the day. Before breakfast the markets are crowded with men, women, and children—with masters and servants—white, black and yellow; with English, French, Spanish—yes with men of all nations and tongues, all jabbering in the most energetic manner. Such a babel my ears never before heard, nor did mine eyes ever before see.

But follow me, and I will show you the way of the market a little more fully. Here is the master of a family, buying his daily supplies; a black servant, bearing a capacious, open basket, adroitly balanced on her head, is in attendance. Follow the good man to the house, and watch his purchases. First a piece of beef is deposited in the basket; next, a few pounds of bacon;—for this is a staple article of food, and is almost always found on the table,—then follow a dozen or two oysters in the shells; a few potatoes—both Irish and sweet; a pint of molasses;—another favorite Southern dish; half a pint of rice is put in by its side; a bunch of onions, and another of radishes follow; a few oranges and bananas complete the provision for the day; and off steps the servant with the whole mass carefully poised on her head; for blacks carry all manner of burdens on their heads, even to pails and tubs full of water.

The New Orleans market is probably excelled by few, if any in the world. Every sort of thing that man can wish to eat, may here be found exposed for sale; and in the smallest or largest quantities, as will best suit the purchaser; with this single limitation—'a cent's worth is never sold nor bought. I have seen but a single cent in New Orleans; and that I took and passed again at the Post Office. The smallest quantity in general circulation is a 'penny'—which is either 6-14 or 10 cents; the next is a 'bit,'—12 1-2 cents, or 10 cents; and here let me advise a Yankee friend, bound South, to lay in a good supply of five or ten cent pieces; as he is subject to a loss of 20 cents on the Spanish fragments of every dollar he expends; a dime being generally of the same value in this market, as a penny, and a half-dime as four-pence half-penny.

THE YANKEE IN MAIN STREET.
"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in Main street.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot, was the sneering reply.

"Wal, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now hear's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"Wal now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them razor strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picture for the strops.

"They're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "You are not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops, give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the picture. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake at least! I guess the next time you trade with that pie you'll do a little better than buy razor strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*St. Louis Aerial.*

THE TRUE SPIRIT.—At one of our meetings the other evening, a modest pretty looking young lady came up to the stand, and after subscribing her name to the Pledge, took from her finger a gold ring and presented it to the Secretary, saying: "I will give it for the benefit of the cause." We would like to see one of our young gallants who can sip his glass of wine at a coffee house, offer his arm to such a girl. Wouldn't he be taken with a sudden leaving?—*Ohio Temperance Organ.*

An eccentric divine, in speaking of the avocations and grasping disposition of man remarked:—"If a farmer possessed the whole world, he would want a little piece of Venus for a potato patch."

A man in Casey county (Ky.) has announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature, by the following placard, which he has tacked to the court-house door of that county: "John Brent, Locofoco, has a sickly wife and eight small children:—is very poor, afraid to steal, don't like to work; against the tariff, but in favor of Texas—would like to be elected to the Legislature."

"POETRY OF LIFE."—When the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was, because they are "ignorant of the Bible. If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason may be assigned doubtless is, they are not aware of its interesting variety." This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract from her recent work, entitled the *POETRY OF LIFE*.—*Jour. Com.*

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos, and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any memorial of past or present time. From the worms that grovel in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the crystal stream, gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle, and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not—to the seraphic visions of the blest—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory,—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no impression or conception of the mind that may not find in a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and of sympathy comprehended in the language and the spirit of the Bible."

POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

Many years ago a German left his country, and with his family came to the State of Pennsylvania, to live there. There were no schools there during the week, or on the Sabbath, and no churches. So the poor man used to keep his family at home on the Sabbath, and teach them from God's words for he was a very good man. In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and the English. The Indians joined the French, and used to go to Pennsylvania, burn houses, murder the people, and carry off every thing they wanted. They found the dwelling of this poor German. The man, and his oldest boy, and the two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home, while the wife and one of the boys were gone to carry some grain to the mill, a few miles off. The Indians at once killed the man and his son, and took the two little girls prisoners, one aged ten and the other nine, and carried them away, along with a great many other weeping children whom they had taken right after murdering their parents. It was never known what became of Barbara, the oldest girl; but Regina, with another girl two years old, whom Regina had never seen before, were given to an old Indian woman who was very cruel. Her only son lived with her, and supported her, but he was sometimes gone for several weeks, and then the old woman used to send the little girls to gather roots and herbs in the woods, for the old woman to eat; and when they did not get enough, she used to beat them cruelly. Regina never forgot her good father and mother, and the little girl always kept close to her. She taught the little girl to kneel down under the trees and pray to the Lord Jesus, and to say over with her all the hymns which her parents had taught her. In this state of slavery these children lived nine long years, till Regina was about nineteen, and her little friend was eleven years old. Their hearts all this time seemed to wish for that which is good. They used to repeat not only the texts of Scripture which Regina could remember, but there was one favorite hymn which they often said over. In the year 1764, the kindness of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were. He conquered the Indians, made them ask for peace. He granted it on condition that all the white prisoners and captives should be given him. More than four hundred were brought to the Colonel; and among them, these two girls. They were all poor wretched looking objects.—The Colonel carried them to a place called Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and had it printed in all the newspapers, that all the parents who had lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among four hundred poor captives. Poor Regina's sorrowful mother—a poor widow, among others, went to Carlisle to see if she could find her children! But when she got there, she did not nor could not know Regina. She had grown up, and looked, and dressed, and spoke like the Indians.—The mother went up and down among the captives weeping, but could not find her child. She stood gazing and weeping, when Col-

Bouquet came up and said—"Do you recollect nothing by which your child might be discovered?" She then said she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used often to sing to her children, and which is as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with him and he with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be!"

The Colonel desired her to sing the hymn as she used to do. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel gave the daughter up to her mother. She clung to Regina, and would not let her go, and so she was taken home with Regina, though her good and affectionate mother was very poor.

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

The following sketch of Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN is taken from "the Gallery of American Portraits, by George Watterston," published in 1836. As this distinguished gentleman has been selected as a candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, this sketch, though taken some years ago, will be found interesting to the American People:

"Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN is between forty and fifty years of age. His countenance, though grave, possesses much sweetness, is often lighted up with the smile of benevolence, and indicates great sensibility. The last was, it is believed, the second session he had served in the Senate of the United States, and though it was one in which the highest intellectual efforts were called into exertion, he did not fall behind the most gifted in the conflict of mind which was then exhibited. Mr. F.'s views are patriotic, benevolent, and enlarged; animated by the spirit of philanthropy and guided by the dictates of a sound judgment, he is always found on the side of the oppressed and persecuted, and always the advocate of the true interests of his country. Called out by the natural feelings of his heart, and impelled by a strong sense of duty, he entered into the discussion of one of the most important and interesting subjects of legislation which has for many years been submitted to the consideration of Congress, and displayed an acuteness of penetration, a depth of feeling, and a power of eloquence which have elevated him to a high rank among the orators and statesmen of his country. The Indian question was one in which he felt a deep interest, and on which he brought to bear all the energies of a vigorous and cultivated mind. The subject was adapted to the nature of his eloquence, and he did ample justice to it. There is in Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN a zeal and earnestness that give great effect to what he says, and a mellowness and plainness in his tone which harmonize finely with the pathos of the subject on which his eloquence is employed. His voice has, perhaps, too much uniformity in its intonations, but it falls agreeably upon the ear, is listened to with pleasure, and its effect would be wonderful if it were modulated with more art and made to suit the particular sentiment which the speaker feels. With the questions on which Mr. Frelinghuyesen speaks, he previously makes himself well acquainted and never comes unprepared to elucidate, amplify, and enforce the various topics to be discussed. He thinks profoundly and justly on whatever he attempts to handle, and employs with great judgment the labors of others as well as his own, to develop and enlighten whatever may be dark, obscure, or intricate. But the most distinguished excellence of this gentleman is the exquisite moral and religious tone which he infuses into and which breathes through all he utters. Every one who listens admits its power, and feels that he is listening to one whose heart is deeply imbued with religious purity and truth. Mr. F. does not often employ his imagination. His mind is more logical than poetical; he prefers reasoning to embellishment, and endeavors to convince rather than delight. His style is chaste, and occasionally oratorical; and his action easy and appropriate. The correctness of his views, the soundness of his judgment, and the sincerity of his heart, give to all he says such impressiveness and effect that he never rises at his seat that he does not claim the undivided attention of the body of which he is a member. In short, his talents and virtues render him an honor to his State and an ornament to his country."

THE DIFFERENCE.—The difference between the Whigs and the Locofocos, in regard to American labor, is the Whigs are in favor of manufacturing all we can in this country, and of protecting all engaged in these mechanical and manufacturing occupations against foreign competition, by a protective tariff; while the Locofocos are in favor of buying what we want from foreign nations, because, in consequence of the low wages that prevail there, we can buy of them cheaper. The Whigs are the American party, and are in favor of sustaining American interests; the Locofocos are the British party, and are in favor of sustaining British mechanics and manufacturers. Which cause do you espouse—that of the American eagle, or that of the British lion? Are you in favor of the noble bird, or of the beast?—*Boston Atlas.*

From the Magnet.

PSYCHOLOGY—WONDERFUL FACTS.

The facts that I am about to relate are so extraordinary, that a few persons, perhaps, will credit them; but as I can swear to them as an eye witness, I do not hesitate to proclaim their truth, and if you judge them worthy of public attention, I authorize you, in publishing them to give my name if necessary.

I have always been more than sceptical on what is called *Mesmerism* or *Animal Magnetism*. I had, heretofore, suspected deception when the parties interested were unknown to me, or illusion and credulity if the veracity of the person could not be questioned. But, in spite of myself, I must confess that conviction has been forced upon me after what took place Thursday, the 4th inst. at Dr. T. Leger's rooms.

A week previous I was, with several friends present at a private Lecture that gentleman delivered on the science that he calls *Psycho-Dynamy*. I was indeed not a little puzzled to witness experiments which proved the slight without the use of the eyes, and, particularly to hear a somnambule give a correct description of the disease of persons who were present, and could neither be expected to have called or their maladies be known in advance. Still these singular phenomena clairvoyance and intuition have been related already in many books written on the matter, whilst the experiments of Thursday last exceeded any thing I ever heard, and do not believe that similar facts have been related before.

The Doctor had announced that he would try to impart, by the sole power of his will, to a person in the *Psycho-Dynamic* sleep, any thought, sentiment, or passion, that the audience would write on a piece of paper, and elicit the mimical, spoken, and musical expression of it, although preserving himself the most profound silence, and without touching or communicating in any physical way with the somnambule.

About forty highly respectable persons of this city met at the appointed time, in the rooms of the Doctor, No. 74, Broadway, to witness the experiments that I will now succinctly relate without father comment. As soon as the *Psycho-Dynamic* sleep was produced, the audience agreed to write on a slip of paper; "Love of children," and to give it to the doctor. He appeared to compose for a short while; then extended his hands towards his patient, keeping them at more than a foot distance, in a commanding manner, without uttering any word or sound. Several minutes elapsed without any perceptible effect; when slowly and by degrees, the somnambule began to raise her arms; she crossed them over her breast as if pressing fondly to her bosom a fancied babe, and imitating all the motions of a nurse who caresses her infant. The feature of the Dr. assumed a sterner aspect, and a short while after she opened her mouth, and said in a low but perfectly audible voice—"Don't speak, he wants to sleep!" and she rocked gently her imagined child, singing in an under tone, Bayon babe, baby, baye, &c.

You can easily suppose the general astonishment. But it was nothing in comparison to what happened immediately after. Scarcely had the Doctor, by a few motions of his hands, at a distance, calmed his subject, than "Love of God," "Veneration," had been written on another piece of paper and handed to the Doctor. This time his silent exertions remained longer without effect. Nevertheless, a kind of electric commotion appeared to shake the patient; she joined her hands, bent down her head, and seemed lost in a profound and pious meditation. A few minutes after she turned her head upwards, and her lips moved as if uttering a fervent prayer; then again, as if yielding to a superior force, she opened her mouth and pronounced in a very emphatic manner, a piece of poetry, the first line of which, if I am correct was—

"The church assumes her weeds of mourning now," &c.

She remained awhile as if lost in deep thought during which the Doctor's mental energy was evidently increasing. Though he preserved the same distance, he seemed by a peculiar motion of his hands to compel her to kneel down, and when in that situation, he kept them above her head. Then she sang, with a voice remarkably sweet and impressive, the hymn—

"O thou to whom all creatures bow."

Shortly after, at a new motion of the Doctor, she rose and sat down: her head fell on her breast, and she appeared to sleep again soundly and quietly; whilst the Doctor, evidently exhausted and wet all over with perspiration, fell himself on his seat, but in a few seconds resumed his self-possession.

Not a word had been uttered; the audience was struck with a kind of stupor. In the same silent way we then desired the Dr. to excite sorrow.

He renewed his exertions, which for a still longer time remained unanswered. At last the patient became agitated; she sighed, she appeared despondent; she clasped her hands sobbed, and tears fell along her evidently suffering features. The Doctor, always mentally, lifted her to speak, and she exclaimed in great anguish:—"O my dear mother, why have I lost you! I am now alone! yes! alone in the world!" and her cries and sobs smothered her voice.

The emotion and sympathy of the audience was extreme. But soon the Doctor, by a motion of his hand, always at a distance, and without uttering a sound, succeeded in calming her; then as if he wished her to open her mouth, he moved his hands before her lips, and shortly after, with an expression of feeling that I could not describe, he sang the song entitled *The Old Arm Chair*.

Some persons will believe, perhaps, that the patient could see the motions and gestures of the Doctor, and be guided by them; but, alas! this last entrenchment is not even left to the sceptic; the patient is a stone-blind orphan, well known as born blind, and educated at the Asylum for the blind, of this very city.

Dr. L. could affect only one person,—if his wonderful power could take effect on his subject alone, we would, perhaps, refuse to believe our own senses, and suspect, although we could not detect it, that we have been nevertheless deceived by some skillful delusion. But several other persons have obeyed in the same manner, and nearly as fully as the blind orphan, the mental commands of the Doctor. I have myself, been compelled to move my limbs, as he wished, in spite of my exertions to the contrary. Should this extraordinary power be used by him only to elicit those singular results, it would indeed deserve already the attention of the Sci-

entific and the Philosopher, as illustrative of some of the most interesting points of Psychology. But the importance of it increases considerably when we ascertain its influence as means of curing diseases. The fact is, that many persons of high and very respectable standing in this city, have been either completely cured or greatly relieved from affections of the most desperate character. So Miss B.—P.—, the sister of one of our best writers of the day, was laboring under a malady of the spine for the last ten years; she is now cured, after about nine weeks of *Psycho-dynamic* treatment.—Miss E.—H.—, whose mind was deranged for the last ten years, is now completely restored to society. Miss E.—T.—, who had been declared by eminent Physicians to be hopelessly consumptive, found her health under the influence of five weeks of *Psycho-dynamic* process. Mr. T.—N.—, who had a liver complaint that had baffled the skill of some of our best practitioners, found a perfect relief after three weeks of *Psycho-dynamic* attendance. In a word, many other patients at the Lectures of the Doctor, gave the most satisfactory account of the relief that they have experienced under his astonishing means of practice. This is unquestionably the most useful part of *Psycho-dynamy*, and the one which ought to call the attention of Physicians, as well as that of the public at large.

I am, very respectfully, yours, F.

SONG OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

Respectfully dedicated to the Middlebury Clay Club, By the Author.

TUNE.—"Bright ray Morning."
The freedom our fathers
Have left us in trust—
Shall we see it fallen,
And trampled in dust?
Green Mountain boys, Green Mountain boys,
Never will see that day—
Oh, rally, Oh, rally,
Oh, rally for Clay!
Our mountains and valleys
Shall ring with his name;
Who joins not our halloo,
Shall hear us with shame!
Green Mountain boys, Green Mountain boys,
Take your green sprig and away!
Come rally, Oh, rally,
Oh, rally for Clay!
Our mountains forever
Shall shelter the free;
Their evergreen mantle
Unsuited shall be,
While Green Mountain boys, Green Mountain boys,
In their shadow shall stay!
Then rally, Oh, rally,
Oh, rally for Clay!
The eastern horizon
Is kindling with day,
The battle is gathering—
Rouse up and away!
Green Mountain boys, Green Mountain boys,
Take your green sprig and away!
Oh, rally, Oh, rally,
We'll conquer with Clay!

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

THE DUTY OF THE WHIGS.

We do not like to be reckoned among those who are called croakers, and yet justice to those for whom we write, and with whom we act, requires that we should offer a monitory word on the present state of arms, and be constantly on the "qui vive," whoever may be nominated by that nomination. We grant that, at the present moment, the Locofoco party is as entirely separated, as could be desired by their opponents, or could be expected from the bad character of the principles upon which they had been united. It is most evident that they are in a state of commotion and disquietude that, at the present moment, would prevent them from carrying more than two or three States. But there are so many common objects among them, such a fixed dislike to the statesmanlike qualities of the Whig candidates, that we do wrong to depend for a single moment, or, at most, for more than a moment, upon their disagreement. They are now beautifully separated, and the scattered members of the party look as if they would wander any where, and be attracted by any thing, rather than to approximate and re-unite. But this may be deceptive; it may prove that the snake is scotched, not killed; and it is the duty of the Whigs to stand ready to see its parts join for unity of action.

We know that a portion of the Tyler party are looking to see such arrangements between their leaders and the Locofocos, as will ensure a concert of purpose, while there may appear to be an hostility in action. They desire to have one State portioned off to Tyler, and another, through pure Locofocoism assigned to Polk; and by this union, under an appearance of disunion, they expect, or rather they threaten, to defeat Mr. Clay's election by the college, and to throw the choice upon the House of Representatives, where their bargain may be consummated, by the election of one party to the bad contract, and the benefit to other respects to the other party.

Against such wiles we caution the Whigs—not that any caution, on the part of the Whigs, can prevent the compact, but that it may, and it can, prevent the results which the parties to that compact desire and expect.

One other plan we have heard suggested as a possibility. Mr. Polk is not qualified for the office of President of the United States, even according to the low standard which has, of late, been adopted—and people know this well. They understand it, and will act from it. And it

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is said that when the Loco party, in different parts of the Union, shall have expressed their cause of disquietude with the nomination of Mr. Polk, and have signified their preference, then a new set of delegates will be assembled, another nomination be made, and not only will our songs become useless, but our batteries will be pointed the wrong way.

We do not know that any new nomination will be made, but we do know, and we make it the grounds of our remarks, that every method will be adopted that party strategem can justify, to defeat the Whigs, to take them by surprise, to drive them from the field, or to divert them from effective action.

Let our friends, then, be ready at all points, and at all times. Let the organization of the party be perfected. Let no man content himself with the bare election of "Clay and Frelinghuyesen." They will be chosen, undoubtedly, and a majority of one will make the President and the Vice President, as much as nine-tenths of the vote of every electoral college. But there is something due to the principles of the party to which we belong, something to the incomparable merits of the men we have nominated; and we owe it to ourselves, our principles, and our men, to rally for all, to make the nation feel that it has in itself a recuperative and a regenerative power; that cast down, she is not destroyed; that though they may be hidden and voiceless for a time, her principles are vital and eternal, and would, if allowed, re-establish themselves.

These considerations call for action, call for union, call for organization. Let the nation feel that it is not a party, but the people, that have done the work of reform. A party has plunged us into the deepest difficulty. The Whigs call upon the people, the whole people, to come up to the ballot-box, elect Clay and Frelinghuyesen, and restore principles and prosperity to the Union.

THE ISSUE—PROTECTION AND THE UNION vs. FREE TRADE AND ANNEXATION!

We have one thing to say of the Locofoco National Convention; it has thrown off the mask by which the Locofoco leaders in the North have long hoodwinked and cheated the people, and run up the black flag of the slaveocracy, inscribed with FREE TRADE AND ANNEXATION! Do the Locofoco leaders of Vermont swallow this dose? Let them away away their hypocritical pretensions about Protection—they must support a bitter enemy to that doctrine; away with their absurd cant about Democracy—they are going for the extension of slavery and the absolute supremacy of the slaveocratic aristocracy, by the annexation of Texas. These are the great distinctive principles of Polk and Dallas—to support these men is to support these principles. We say, then, let the Locofoco leaders of Vermont throw the mask and acknowledge the principles of their candidate;—let them put the issue, *against protection and for eternal slavery*, and see where stand the people of Vermont.

We appeal, however, to the people of Vermont, irrespective of party leaders, to try this issue and record their verdict,—for *Clay Protection, and the good old Union—or Polk, British Free Trade, and the perpetuation of slavery*. The Locofocos have presented this issue; they have staked all on the destruction of the Tariff, the extension and perpetuation of slavery; they have ignorantly surrendered the North to the slaveocracy; they have put up a Southern slaveocracy, with the design of concentrating all the South, and a Northern annexationist with the hope of carrying just enough of Northern dough-faces to answer the purpose. Freeman of the free States! friends of Protection! enemies of Annexation! it is not time for all of you, to demand the union of all patriotic men upon HENRY CLAY, for Protection and against annexation believing that, in his election depends the success of the first and the defeat of the last. Such is the opinion of a dispassionate, clear-sighted and prudent man, whose opinions are entitled to great weight. Extracts from a letter to the editor:

"Washington, May 30, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—The nominations of Polk and Dallas were received with great surprise by all parties here, and certainly with great gratification by the Whigs. A ticket might have been presented, which would have embarrassed us in many Whig States, but I cannot imagine that under such a nomination as this, we can be in danger in any State that had a Whig majority in 1840, and one would think that even New Hampshire would wince at such a drench as Texas and Free-Trade at one dose.

It is now certain that annexation can be defeated, or even delayed, only by the election of Clay. The triumph of the Democratic party, which now rallies, if at all under the banner of slavery extended and perpetuated, and hostility to domestic industry, will ensure the annexation of Texas, and the repeal of the Tariff of 1842 at the very next session of Congress. This is a simple issue, and I see not how the friends of manufactures, agriculture, and freedom, can be mistaken in determining on which side they will act."—*Watchman.*

A RETORT.—While the immense procession of enthusiastic Whigs was moving slowly along Baltimore street on Thursday last, a long-necked Loco, (a rare genus now-a-days), after endeavoring for some time to catch a glimpse of "tother end of the procession," asked one of the Washington delegation if he could inform him "where the end of those d—d fools was!" The young Whig readily replied.

"Not exactly, sir; this is the 'living equator,' and reaches all around the earth."